

POETRY.

THE DEVIL FISHING.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A—FISH POND."
What lack, old Clovenfoot, to day?
Said I one foggy morning,
As he threw out his line for pray,
Poor mortal folks submerging.

"Not much," quoth he, "but what I have,
Beyond dispute, is fair gain;
With notes to share, I've caught a haue,
A miser with a burgher."

To catch a needy haue I took
A dragoon-tailed sartor—
A would-be belle found on my hook,
A tempting full dress suit.

These lawyers are, though off you wish
(No thanks for't) Satan had 'em,
The most improvable fish
Of all the sons of Adam.

I caught a surgeon with a high
Feud subject for dissection;
An officer hunter with a lie,
Well seasoned with election.

"What fish bite sharpest, pug?" says I—
"Why, as to that, quoth he,
I find not many very shy,
Of high or low degree."

Your taper bites well at a cork,
(When there's a bottle to it)
Your Jew will even bite at park,
If he smell money through it.

Your old man likes a parchment, when
By mortgage some one's bitten;
Your youngster likes a fresher skin,
Where yet there's nothing written.

Some shys ones play about the fine,
"Til prudence waxes feeble;
And those at last are often nime,
Who only meant to nibble."

There's few indeed of small or great,
(Or I am much mistaken)
But may by some peculiar bate,
Be tempted, and then be taken.

But there is one of all the rest,
Who most employs my cook—
The idler pleases me the best,
He bites the naked hook."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAMILY.

One of the strongest peculiarities—indeed, I may say *passions*—of the Irish, is the devoted fondness for their offspring.

A curious illustration of this occurred to me on my recent journey through the northern Lakes. It happened to be what sailors call very *dirty* weather, finished up by a tremendous gale, which obliged us to take shelter at a lump of aboriginal bareness, between Manitou Island, where we were obliged to remain for five days. There were a few deck passengers—between five and six hundred; and inasmuch as they had only provided themselves with barely sufficient for the average time, provisions came alarmingly scarce, and no possibility of a supply. To be sure there was one venerable ox—a sort of semi-petitioner on organic remnant—a poor, attenuated, hornless, sightless, bovine patriarch, who obligingly yielded up his small residue of existence for our benefit. Indeed, it was quite a mercy that we arrived to relieve him from a state of suspense; for so old and powerless was he, that if his last breath had not been extracted, he certainly could not have drawn it by himself.

Well, as you may suppose there was considerable consternation on board. Short, every short allowance was adopted to meet the contingency, and the poor deck passengers had a terrible time of it. Amongst the latter was an Irish emigrant, with his wife and three beautiful children, the eldest about seven years, and all without the smallest subsistence, except what the charity of their fellow passengers could afford them; and as they were but scarcely supplied, it can be readily imagined how miserable off was this poor family. However, it so happened that the beauty and intelligence of the children attracted the attention of one of our lady passengers, who had them occasionally brought into the cabin, and their hunger appeased. Gleesome, bright-eyed little creatures they were, scrupulously clean, despite the poverty of their parents, all life and wages, and in blissful ignorance of the destitution with which they were surrounded.

One day, delighted with her little *protégés*, the lady happened to say half jestingly—"I wonder if this poor man would part with one of these little darlings! I should like to adopt it."

"I don't know," said I; "suppose we make the enquiry."

The man was sent for, and the delicate business thus opened:

"My good friend," said the lady, "you are very poor, are you not?"

His answer was peculiarly Irish—"Poor! me fay!" said he, "the powers of pwyther! if there's a poorer man than myself troublin' the wuld, God pity both or us, we'd be about aqual!"

"Then you must find it difficult to support your children," said I, making a long jump towards our object.

"Is support them, sir!" he replied. "Lord bless ye, I never supported them—they get supported somehow or another; they've never been hungry yet—when they are it'll be time enough to grumble."

Irish all over thought I; to-day has enough to do, let to-morrow take care of itself.

"Well then," I resumed, with a determined plunge, "would it be a relief for you to part with one of them?"

I had mistaken my mode of attack.—He started, turned pale, and with a wild glare in his eye, literally screamed out—

"A relief!—Be good to us, what d'ye mane!—A relief!—would it be a relief d'ye think, to have the hand chopped from me body, or the heart torn out of me breast?"

"You don't understand us, interposed my philanthropic companion. 'Should one be enabled to place your child in ease and comfort, would you interfere with its well doing?'

The tact of woman! She had touched the chord of paternal solicitude—the poor fellow was silent, twisted his head about, and looked all bewildered. The struggle between a father's love and his child's interest was evident and affecting. At last he said—

"God bless ye, me lady, and all that thinks of the poor! Heaven knows I'd be glad to better the child; it's hard in regard to myself, but—but hadn't I better go and speak to Mary; she's the mother of thine,

and twold be unreasonably to be givin' away her childer afore her face, and she not know nothing of the matter."

"Away with you then," said I, "and bring us back word as soon as possible! In about an hour he returned, but with his eyes red and swollen, and features pale from excitement and agitation.

"Well," inquired I, "what success?"

"Bedad, 'twas a hard struggle, sir," said he; "but it's for the child's good, and Heaven give us strength to bear it."

"Very good, and which is it to be?"

"Why, sir, I've been spakin' to Mary, and she thinks as Noah her oldest, she won't miss the mother so much, and if I'll just let her take a partin' kiss, she'd give her to yez with a blessin'."

So my poor fellow took his children away, to look at one of them for the last time. It was long ere he returned, but when he did, he was leading the second eldest.

"How's this," said I, "have you changed your mind?"

"Not exactly changed me mind, sir," he replied, "but I've changed the crater. You see, sir, I've ben spakin' to Mary, and when come to the ind, be goxty' she couldn't part wid Norah, at all at all; they've got used to each other's way's; but there's little Biddy—she's purtier far, if she'll do as well."

"It's all the same," said I. "Let Biddy remain."

"May Heaven be yer guardian!" cried he, snatching her in his arms, and giving her one long, hearted kiss. "God be kind to them that's kind to you, and that they offer you hurt or harum, may their soul niver see St Peter!" So the bereaved father rushed away, and all that night the child remained with us; but early the next morning my friend Pat reappeared, and this time he had his youngest child, a mere baby, snugly cuddled up in his arms.

"What's the matter now?" said I.

"Why thin, sir," said he, with an expression of the most concern'd anxiety, "axin' yer honor's pardon for bein' wake-hearnt, but when I began to think of Biddy's eyes—look at them, they're the image of her mother's, bedad—I couldn't let her go; but here's little Pandeen—he won't be much trouble to any one, for if he takes after his mother he'll have the brightest eye and the softest heart on creation; and if he takes after his father he'll have a party hard fist on a broad pair of shoulders to push his way through the world. Take him, sir, and ga'me Biddy!"

"Just as you like," said I, having a pretty good guess how matters would eventuate. So he took away his pet Biddy, and handed me the toddling urchin. This chirping little vagabond won't be long with us thought I. Nor was he. Ten minutes had scarcely elapsed, when Pat rushed into the cabin, and seizing little Pandeen in his arms, he returned to me, and with large tears bubbling in his eyes, cried out—

"Look at him, sir—just look at him!—it's the youngest. You wouldn't have the heart to keep him, from uz. The long and short of it, I've ben spakin' to Mary, Ye see she couldn't part wid Norah, and I didn't like to let Biddy go, but, by me soul neither of uz could live half a day without Pandeen. No, sir—no; we can bear the bitterness of poverty, but we can't part from our childer, unless it's the will o' Heaven to take them from uz!"

TO YOUNG LADIES.

Young maiden, who has merely gone botanizing into the land of Romance, and there picked up thy knowledge of men and the world, who on thy entrance into society anticipates, with a fearful pleasure, that the men all busy themselves about thee, either as the butterfly about the rose, or the spider about the fly—a word to thee.

Be at rest; the world is not fearful! The men have too much to do with themselves—Thou wilt have to experience that they will inquire no more after thee than after the moon, and sometimes even less. Then armest thyself, thou of seventeen years, to resist the storm of life; all thou wilt probably come to have more to do with its action. But let not thy courage fail, there are life and love in the world in richest abundance, not often in the form of which they for the most part are exhibited in romances. They belong, in every day life, not to the rule, but to the exceptions. On that account, thou good creature! sit not wait, or thou wilt suffer tedious. Seek not the affluence of life without these; create it in thy own bosom. Love, heaven, nature, wisdom, all that is good around thee, and thy life will become rich, the smile of its air ship will fill with the fresh wind, and so gradually soar up the native regions of light and love.—*Miss Brewer.*

EDITORIAL LIFE.

The Philadelphia Mercury gives the following specimen of epistolary favors that it occasionally receives:

"My Editor!—What makes you publish so much polytely in your paper? I don't like that sort of stuff and as I'm a subscriber I hope you'll print my paper separate and have nothing of the kind in it."

Yours, &c. JANE—

Sir—I send you a piece of poetry of my own composition—if you don't publish it you'll be flogged like d—n.

WIRGIN.

Mr Eddetar!—Suppose one man kicks another and is sewed for assault and battery and is bound over to keep the piece; and the fellow who sewed him kicks a friend of his son and is kicked again by another friend of his son's and the other is way-lade and kicked by a whole gang of 'em, a'nt he justified in kicking the first one of 'em when he comes across em. Please answer in your next paper and very much oblige.

A CONSTANT READER.

The Voyage of Life.—Youth enters the world with a thousand masts; old age si-

lently enters the harbor with but one.

A little girl, hearing her mother say she was going into *half mourning*, asked if any of her relations were *half dead*.

Dr. S. J. ALLEN,

WILL be found at the Counting Room of the Apothecary Shop, opposite Whitney's Hotel.

DR. ALLEN, has purchased the interest of Dr. Ross in said shop, and will have the oversight of it in future, but not so as to interfere with his practice as a Physician.

He will keep constantly on hand for sale

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES

of the very best quality,

As well as Supply Physicians who may call upon him,

or favorably terms as can be named at

ANY STORE IN THE COUNTRY.

ALSO FOR SALE

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF TRUSSES

To suit every variety of Heroin, and applied if required.

Woodstock, April 16, 1844.

260 N.

STEARNS' CHEAP STORE.

The Subscribers has taken the Store lately occupied by Geo. H. Chapman, and will have the same furnished with the articles of Mr. Allen's, who has just received an entire stock of躺物 and Spring and Summer Goods, which will be sold as cheap as can be named at

ANY STORE IN THE COUNTRY.

ALSO FOR SALE

CONCORD RAIL ROAD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after November 1st, Passenger Trains will

leave Boston at 7 A. M., 11 A. M., and 5 P. M.

Leave Concord at 12 M., 1 P. M., and 5 P. M.

Leave Lowell at 8 1/2 A. M., 12 1/2 P. M., and 5 P. M.

" Nashua at 9 A. M., 1 P. M., and 7 P. M.

" Manchester 9 1/2 A. M., 12 1/2 P. M., and 7 1/2 P. M.

or immediately on the arrival of the trains from Boston.

DOWN TRAINS.

Leave Manchester 5 1/2 A. M., 12 M., and 5 P. M.

" Nashua at 6 1/2 A. M., 1 P. M., and 4 1/2 P. M.

" Lowell at 7 1/2 A. M., 2 P. M., and 5 1/2 P. M.

or immediately on the arrival of the trains from Concord.

The road connects with the Boston and Maine Railroad, so that Passengers may pass between Concord, Ha-

verhill, Exeter, Dover, and Lowell, and vice versa.

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